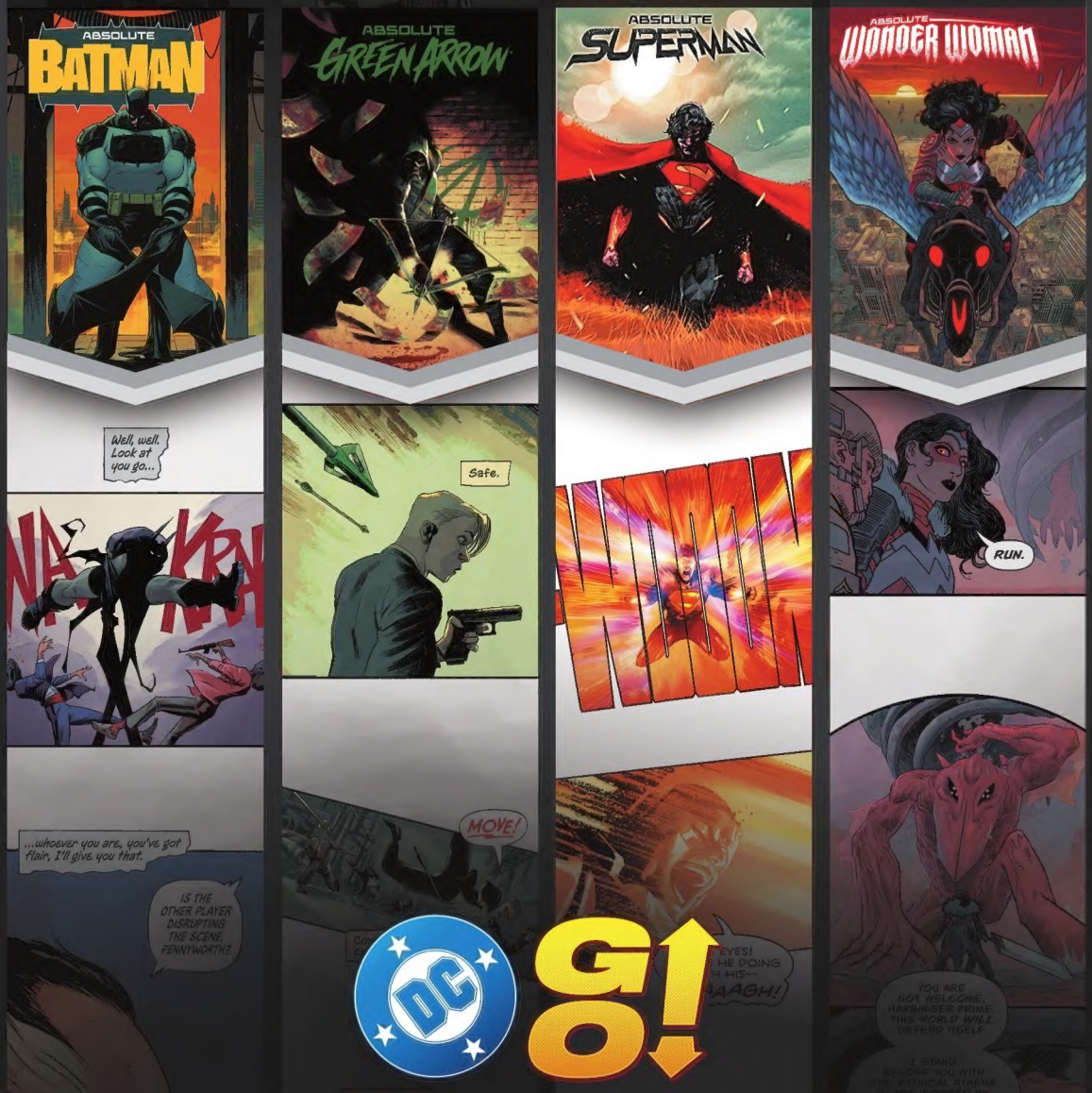
ABSOLUTE
BATMAN
ALL IN
15+ TEEN+
22
SNYDER
DELL'EDERA
MARTIN


ABSOLUTE BATMAN
ABSOLUTE GREEN ARROW
ABSOLUTE SUPERMAN
ABSOLUTE WONDER WOMAN
Well, well. Look at you go...
...whoever you are, you've got flair, I'll give you that.
IS THE OTHER PLAYER DISRUPTING THE SCENE, PENNYWORTH?
Safe.
MOVE!
RUN.
YOU ARE NOT WELCOME, HARBINGER PRIME. THIS WORLD WILL DEFEND ITSELF.

ABSOLUTE UNIVERSE

GO!

ALL ABSOLUTE UNIVERSE SERIES
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THE STRAW MAN
PART 4
THE CROOKED HOUSE
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SKRIBL SKRIBL

Thirteen years ago.
Gotham City outskirts.

daddy im scared mommy dont see wat I see t

HARLEY? IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?

NOTHING. IT WAS JUST...TOO *BRIGHT* IN MY BED.

HONEY, WERE YOU WRITING TO YOUR DAD AGAIN?

...NO.

SIGH COME.

LET'S GIVE BIG OLD BED ANOTHER TRY, ALL RIGHT?

CAN YOU LEAVE MY LIGHT ON FOR LONGER?

I THOUGHT IT WAS TOO BRIGHT?

IT WAS, BUT MY EYES ADJUSTED. SO...

BABY, YOU DON'T STILL THINK THERE'S A *GHOST* IN YOUR CLOSET, DO YOU? ARE YOU SURE *THAT'S* NOT THE REASON FOR THE LIGHTS, AND FOR...WHATEVER LETTER YOU WERE *"NOT WRITING"* A MOMENT AGO?

A GHOST? SERIOUSLY, MOM? WHY WOULD YOU EVEN...

"LOOK, HARLEY, I KNOW THIS IS A BIG CHANGE. BUT MOMMY IS HERE TO DO IMPORTANT STUFF."

"BRAIN-DOCTOR STUFF?"

"KIND OF? MOMMY'S HERE ON A *SECRET MISSION.* TO STOP SOMETHING BAD."

"SOMETHING BAD *HOW?*"

...

NEVER MIND. HERE, I GOT YOU SOMETHING.

WHAT IS IT?

IN THE ORIGINAL HARLEQUINADE, THE PLAY YOUR NAME COMES FROM, HARLEQUIN CARRIES A MAGIC *MALLET* TO WHACK BAD GUYS WITH. NOW YOU HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN.

I'M GOING TO TRY TURNING YOUR LIGHT OFF. BUT YOU HOLD TIGHT TO THAT.

IT'S JUST A DUMB TOY. IT ISN'T *REAL.*

WELL, NEITHER ARE GHOSTS. IT'S JUST WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO BELIEVE. IF YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, THEY'RE REAL. IF YOU BELIEVE THE HAMMER WORKS, IT WORKS. EVEN IF IT'S NOT TRUE, IT'S TRUE. UNDERSTAND?

IF I SAY YES, WILL YOU LEAVE THE LIGHT ON?

GOOD NIGHT, HARLEY.

GOOD NIGHT, CROOKED HOUSE.

CLICK

CRIIK

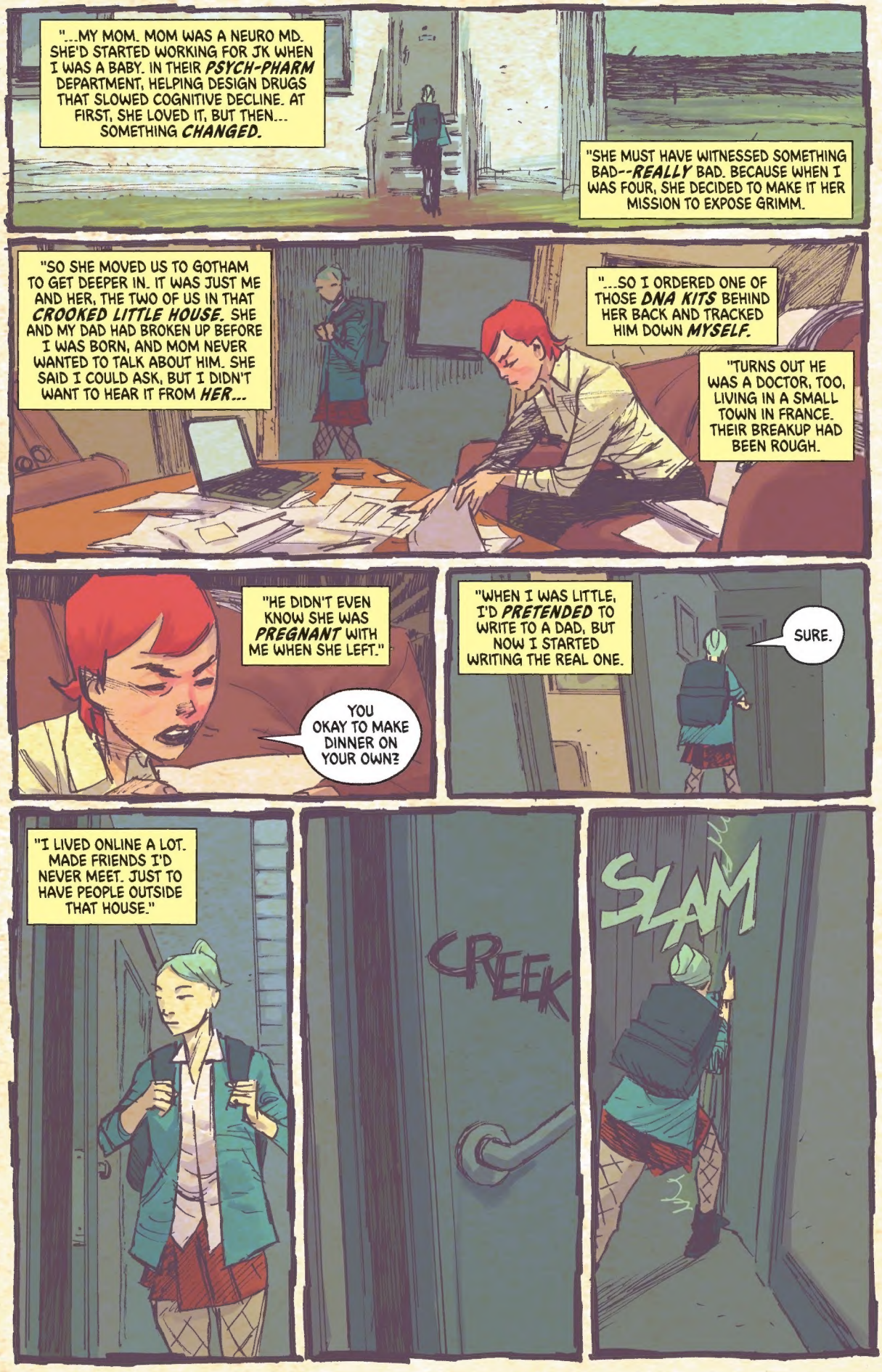
GO AWAY OR I'LL **BASH** YOUR GHOST HEAD WITH MY MALLET!

EVEN IF IT'S NOT TRUE, IT'S TRUE.
EVEN IF IT'S NOT TRUE, IT'S TRUE.
EVEN IF IT'S NOT TRUE...
"ARE YOU EVEN #$%^ LISTENING TO ME?!"

UM... YES?
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M SPEAKING TO YOU?!
POLICE
POLICE
YOU THINK I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS?
IT'S THE LAST THING I WANT TO TELL ANYONE.
THEN STOP TALKING AND GET OUT OF MY WAY.
NO. BECAUSE I KNOW WHERE YOU'RE TRYING TO GO. AND YOU NEED TO TURN AROUND RIGHT. NOW.

LISTEN TO THE LITTLE FREAK, BATS. TURN AROUND, AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND--
CRACK
PAF PAF
NOW. WHERE WAS I?
ACK!
WHAM
NO MORE TALKING.
YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST-- MMPH!
SHUT UP, DAMMIT! NOW!
THUMP

REPORTING IN. NO EYES ON THEM YET.
COPY THAT, R-2. THE TEAM IS RUNNING ON FUMES HERE. ORDERS ARE TO HEAD BACK TO BASE, RECHARGE.
HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, DICK. I CAN FEEL IT.
JASON, WE NEED TO--
NO. NOT YET.
ROBIN TWO, SEARCHING ON...
ALL RIGHT, THEN. LIKE I SAID, MY MOM WAS A NEUROLOGIST. SHE--
BLIP
DID YOU SERIOUSLY JUST "QUIET COWL" ME?
I #$%^ INSTALLED THAT MODE.
BLIP
HOW'S THIS?! QUIET ENOUGH FOR YOU?!
AGH!
FINE >:HUFF HUFF:<... TALK, BUT I'M NOT STOPPING.
SUIT YOURSELF. NOW, PICKING UP WHERE I LEFT OFF...


"...MY MOM. MOM WAS A NEURO MD. SHE'D STARTED WORKING FOR JK WHEN I WAS A BABY. IN THEIR PSYCH-PHARM DEPARTMENT, HELPING DESIGN DRUGS THAT SLOWED COGNITIVE DECLINE. AT FIRST, SHE LOVED IT, BUT THEN... SOMETHING CHANGED.
"SHE MUST HAVE WITNESSED SOMETHING BAD--REALLY BAD. BECAUSE WHEN I WAS FOUR, SHE DECIDED TO MAKE IT HER MISSION TO EXPOSE GRIMM.
"SO SHE MOVED US TO GOTHAM TO GET DEEPER IN. IT WAS JUST ME AND HER, THE TWO OF US IN THAT CROOKED LITTLE HOUSE. SHE AND MY DAD HAD BROKEN UP BEFORE I WAS BORN, AND MOM NEVER WANTED TO TALK ABOUT HIM. SHE SAID I COULD ASK, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR IT FROM HER...
"...SO I ORDERED ONE OF THOSE DNA KITS BEHIND HER BACK AND TRACKED HIM DOWN MYSELF.
"TURNS OUT HE WAS A DOCTOR, TOO, LIVING IN A SMALL TOWN IN FRANCE. THEIR BREAKUP HAD BEEN ROUGH.
"HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE WAS PREGNANT WITH ME WHEN SHE LEFT."
YOU OKAY TO MAKE DINNER ON YOUR OWN?
"WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I'D PRETENDED TO WRITE TO A DAD, BUT NOW I STARTED WRITING THE REAL ONE.
SURE.
"I LIVED ONLINE A LOT. MADE FRIENDS I'D NEVER MEET. JUST TO HAVE PEOPLE OUTSIDE THAT HOUSE."
CREEK
SLAM

THE MORE RESEARCH I DID ON GRIMM, THE MORE WORRIED FOR HER I BECAME. EVEN MY DAD STARTED TO WORRY.
NOT ENOUGH TO *DO ANYTHING* ABOUT IT OR SHOW UP. BUT HE ADMITTED IT-- GRIMM WAS *DANGEROUS.*
AND...SO IS THAT TUNNEL. C'MON, I KNOW A BETTER WAY.
HEY. DID YOU *HEAR* ME? THAT ROUTE IS GOING TO BE SWARMING WITH COPS. THE OTHER WAY IS CLEAR, *AND* I CAN FINISH TELLING YOU MY...
...STORY?
STICK CLOSE.
THERE'S TOO MANY PLACES FOR HIM TO HIDE DOWN HERE, MAN.
AGREED. SOMETHING WOULD HAVE TO *DRIVE* HIM OUT FOR US TO--

SIGH
SPAT
CRACK
ZAP
LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING. WHY DO YOU THINK THE TIN SUITS SHOWED UP AS SOON AS WE DOWNED THAT SQUAD THE LAST TIME?

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
I'M SAYING WE NEED TO HIDE, ASAP.
"THE ROBINS ARE TRACKING THE COPS' FEEDS."
BINGO. WE JUST GOT A PING FROM THE TUNNELS. YOU STILL FEEL LIKE HITTING THE HAY, DICK?
FINE, WE'LL GO CHECK IT OUT.
SEE? "TEAMWORK MAKES THE..."?
...GUYS?
DAD, IS THAT YOU?
YEAH, THAT'S CORNY AS HELL, MAN.
CORNY BUT TRUE, AM I RIGHT?
WHOOOM

"MY MOM STARTED SPENDING MORE AND MORE TIME AWAY. SHE HAD NEVER GONE INTO DETAIL ABOUT HER WORK, BUT I KNEW SHE WAS GOING AFTER GRIMM FOR SOME SORT OF MEDICAL MALPRACTICE.
"AROUND THE TIME OF MY THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, I GOT THE SENSE THAT THINGS WERE COMING TO A HEAD. MY MOM SEEMED OBSESSED, VANISHING FOR DAYS AT A TIME, BARELY TALKING TO ME WHEN SHE WAS HOME.
"I BECAME TERRIFIED GRIMM WOULD FIND OUT WHAT SHE WAS DOING.
"ME, I DIDN'T CARE IF HE WAS EVER CAUGHT. I JUST WANTED TO GET OUT OF THAT CROOKED HOUSE.
"MY FATHER WAS GETTING SCARED, TOO. REALLY SCARED. ONE DAY, HE SAID HE WOULD COME ASSESS, USING MY BIRTHDAY AS AN EXCUSE.
"PUT ASIDE HIS GRIEVANCES AGAINST MY MOM JUST THIS ONCE.
"IT GAVE ME THIS GLIMMER OF HOPE, HIM COMING AFTER ALL THIS TIME. I COUNTED DOWN THE DAYS UNTIL HE WAS SUPPOSED TO ARRIVE.
"FINALLY, THE MOMENT CAME.
"AND THAT'S WHEN THE CLOSET DOOR OPENED.
CREAK
"THIS TIME THOUGH, INSTEAD OF SHUTTING THE DOOR, I WENT INSIDE."

SPEAKING OF WHICH...
YOU EXPECT ME TO FIT THROUGH THAT?
GOD YOU'RE DUMB SOMETIMES.
LOOK, THE RED HOOD GANG EXISTS IN THE IN-BETWEEN SPACES ONLINE...AND OFF.
THE POWERS THAT BE CREATE MAZES, WE FIND WAYS TO CUT THROUGH TH--
RRRRRRRRRR
THIS WAY!
%$#&, HURRY.

WHAT THE HELL?
THIS WAS NOT HERE BEFORE.
INTO DARKNESS WE GO.

HUH. THIS TUNNEL ISN'T ON THE MAPS.
WHICH MEANS THEY'RE HERE SOMEWH--
WHOA!
SUBTLE, JASON.
WHY DON'T YOU GO BANDAGE SOMETHING SOMEWHERE.
WHAT IS WITH YOU, MAN? I'M--
GUYS, LET'S SAVE IT FOR THE TARGETS.
SOON AS I FIND THEM.
INITIATING BROAD-SPECTRUM SCANNING. NOWHERE LEFT TO HIDE...

"AT THE BACK OF THE CLOSET, BEHIND MY MOM'S CLOTHES, I FOUND SOMETHING."
"BE QUIET, THEIR SCANS WILL PICK YOU UP."
"NO, THEY WON'T. TRUST ME AND LISTEN.
"SO I FOUND THIS...PANEL. THE PASSWORD TOOK A WHILE TO CRACK, BUT I GOT IT. AND SUDDENLY...."
IF THEY'RE STILL IN THE SEARCH RADIUS, WE'LL FIND THEM NOW. GUARANTEE IT.
THEY'RE GOING TO FIND US! WE NEED TO--
SUDDENLY THE FLOOR DROPPED OUT.
"JUST STARTED $%&* DESCENDING.
"IT WAS AN ELEVATOR, GOING A LONG, LONG WAY DOWN."
MOM...?

KLUNK
KLUNK
BUNK
DEE-DUM, DEE-DUM.
M-M-MOM!
THUD
"I'VE SPENT YEARS TRYING TO FORGET THE PEOPLE I SAW DOWN THERE. THOSE TWINS."

"AND THIS...OLD MAN WHO WAS DYING RIGHT ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF ME. AND THEN HE DID DIE...
CROAK
BLORG
SPLURB
RUUUB
"...AND THIS...KID, HE ATE HIS WAY OUT OF THE BODY. SOME #$%^ TWISTED KIND OF REBIRTH. I DON'T KNOW."
AH
"ALL I COULD DO WAS SCREAM AND SCREAM AND SCREAM.
"UNTIL A HAND GRABBED MY SHOULDER."

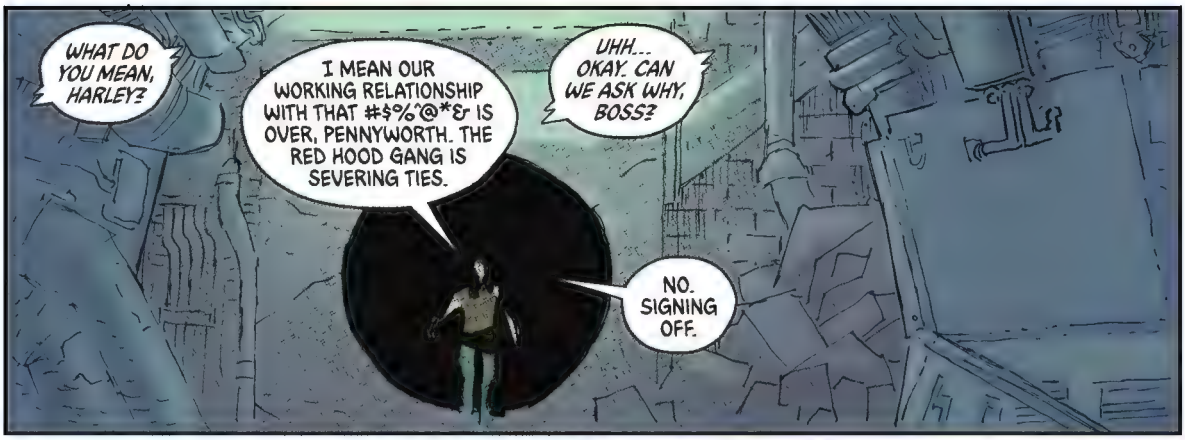
HARLEY, BABY, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* DOWN HERE?
MOM? WHY ARE YOU...WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!
WHAT HAPPENED WAS I *WRONG* ABOUT GRIMM, HONEY.
HE'S NOT HURTING PEOPLE. HE'S HELPING! AND NOW I AM, TOO. THE *CURES* WE'RE WORKING ON... THE *BREAK-THROUGHS*...
MOM, PLEASE. WE HAVE TO GO. WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. DAD, HE'LL BE AT THE HOUSE ANY MINUTE!
OH, NO, I CAN'T LEAVE. ARK M IS HOME NOW. OUR NEW CROOKED LITTLE HOUSE!
COME, I'LL SHOW YOU EVERYTHING!
"SHE WASN'T MY MOM ANYMORE. SHE BELONGED TO THAT PLACE."
"SHE WAS *DR. ARKHAM*."
"AND SO I RAN.
PUNK
"I RAN TO THAT ELEVATOR AND NEVER LOOKED BACK."

THIS WALL, IT SEEMS HOLLOW.
I'M GETTING ZERO SIGNS OF ANY LIFE BEHIND IT. UNLESS THEY'VE GOT A JAMMER SMARTER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN, THEY'RE NOT BACK THERE.
JAM JAM
YOU HEARD DUKE, JASON.
IT'S TIME TO CALL IT A NIGHT.
NO, SCREW THAT. SLADE SAID TO FIND BATMAN AT ALL COSTS.
YOU GUYS CAN GIVE UP AND GO HOME, BUT I'M STAYING OUT.
WHAT IS UP WITH YOU, JASON? WE'RE GOING BACK. NOW.
GUYS, IF WE KEEP FIGHTING WITH EACH OTHER, BATMAN'S GOING TO RIP THROUGH US IN NO TIME. BUT DICK'S RIGHT, JAY-- WE SHOULD REST AND REGROUP.
TIM'S RIGHT (ANNOYINGLY). LET'S GO HOME.
FINE. WHATEVER.
WE CAN WRAP IT UP FOR THE NIGHT...

"...BUT TOMORROW AT DAWN, WE FIND HIM."
WAIT UP--WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
NOTHING HAS CHANGED.
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING TO ME? I'M OPENING UP TO YOU HERE! THIS IS STUFF NO ONE IN THE RED HOOD GANG EVEN KNOWS.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOUR MOM, IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.
DO YOU KNOW WHY THE CROWS ARE SCARED OF THE SCARECROW, BRUCE? NOT BECAUSE THEY THINK HE'S A MAN.
THEY'RE AFRAID BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS. HE'S SOMETHING IN BETWEEN. LOOKS HUMAN BUT SMELLS LIKE STRAW.
GRIMM AND HIS KIND PUMP BILLIONS INTO MAKING PEOPLE FEEL SCARED AND ANGRY. AND THEY USE PEOPLE LIKE SCARECROW TO POINT ALL THAT ANGER AND FEAR AT SOME ENEMY THAT ISN'T REAL. A GHOST, A DUMMY, ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE TRUTH.
BUT THE BRILLIANT THING ABOUT SCARECROW? HE STARTS WITH SOME SEMBLANCE OF TRUTH. YES, YOUR MOTHER WAS IN THE COURT OF OWLS. BUT PAST THAT, THERE'S NOTHING I'VE BEEN ABLE TO VERIFY IN A WAY SCARECROW MIGHT NOT HAVE MANIPULATED.
NOT THE JOE CHILL PART, AND DEFINITELY NOT WHAT YOU'RE AFTER RIGHT NOW.
TAP
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT?
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO PROVE TONIGHT. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!
DON'T YOU GET IT? HE'S PLAYING YOU! HE PUBLICIZED GORDON'S DEATH SO PEOPLE WOULD DOUBT YOU.
THEN WITH CHILL, HE BURIED THE FACT THAT YOU WERE THERE. WHY? BECAUSE HE'S TELLING A STORY ABOUT YOU. NOW YOU KEEP GOING AND SOMETHING AWFUL WILL HAPPEN TO FINISH IT. I'M TELLING YOU, SOMEONE ELSE WILL DIE!
SO, IF I HAVE TO STOP YOU MYSELF, I WILL!

IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT...
MY GUYS ARE GOOD, BUT THIS SCARECROW, HE'S A MASTER, MAN.
HE'LL CO-OPT YOUR SEARCHES, CREATE FEEDBACK LOOPS, MASKS AND MAKEUP, DEEPFAKES, ALL OF IT.
PLUS HE HAS OPERATIVES ALL OVER, LAYING THREADS, PATHS... IT'S WHAT HE DOES!
NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.
AND IT'S ONLY REAL IF YOU BELIEVE IT'S REA--
UNH!
YOU HAVE NO #$%^ IDEA WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH.
YOU BROKE IT.

THOMAS
WAYNE
"BATMAN? YEAH, THAT'S ALL FINISHED."


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HARLEY?
I MEAN OUR WORKING RELATIONSHIP WITH THAT #$%@*& IS OVER, PENNYWORTH. THE RED HOOD GANG IS SEVERING TIES.
UHH... OKAY. CAN WE ASK WHY, BOSS?
NO. SIGNING OFF.

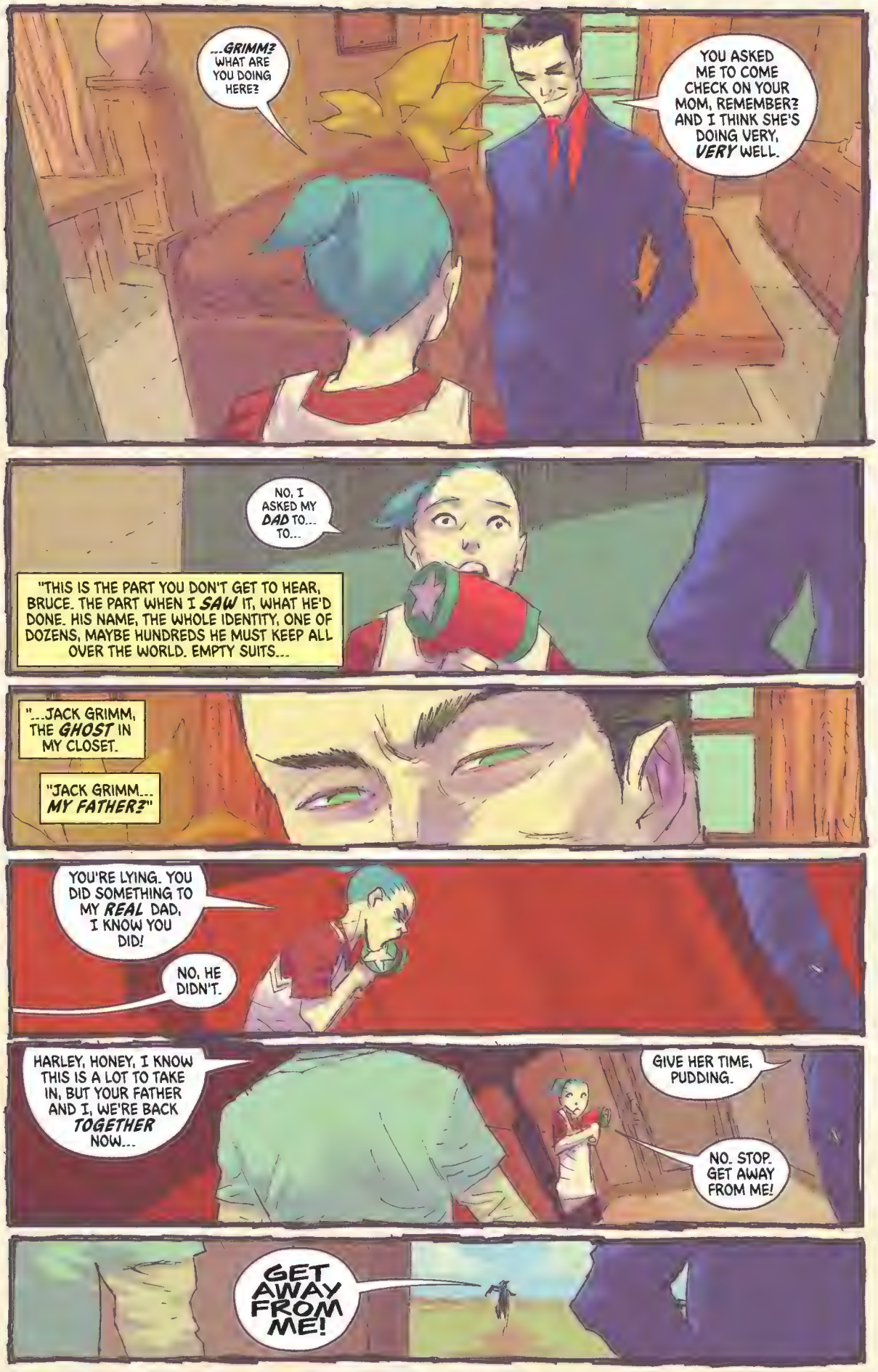
YOU DON'T THINK I GET IT?
YOU DON'T WANT TO LISTEN, BRUCE? FINE...

"...YOU DON'T GET TO HEAR THE *END*."

HARLEY, SWEETHEART? IS THAT YOU?!

DAD?! DAD, THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE!

IT'S MOM! HE *DID* SOMETHING TO HER DOWN THERE! JACK...


...GRIMM? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
YOU ASKED ME TO COME CHECK ON YOUR MOM, REMEMBER? AND I THINK SHE'S DOING VERY, VERY WELL.
NO, I ASKED MY DAD TO... TO...
"THIS IS THE PART YOU DON'T GET TO HEAR, BRUCE. THE PART WHEN I SAW IT, WHAT HE'D DONE. HIS NAME, THE WHOLE IDENTITY, ONE OF DOZENS, MAYBE HUNDREDS HE MUST KEEP ALL OVER THE WORLD. EMPTY SUITS...
"...JACK GRIMM, THE GHOST IN MY CLOSET.
"JACK GRIMM... MY FATHER?"
YOU'RE LYING. YOU DID SOMETHING TO MY REAL DAD, I KNOW YOU DID!
NO, HE DIDN'T.
HARLEY, HONEY, I KNOW THIS IS A LOT TO TAKE IN, BUT YOUR FATHER AND I, WE'RE BACK TOGETHER NOW...
GIVE HER TIME, PUDDING.
NO. STOP. GET AWAY FROM ME!
GET AWAY FROM ME!

GO AHEAD. HE'S IN THERE. YOU KNOW HE IS.
NO.
BRRRRRR
BRRRRR
OH GOOD. I DON'T LIKE HAVING TO LEAVE A MESSAGE.

I'VE GOT SOMEONE HERE WHO'S BEEN WAITING TO SPEAK WITH YOU FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, BRUCE.
THOMAS? THOMAS, GUESS WHO FINALLY CALLED! BRUCE! YOUR SON!
B-BRUCE? NO, PLEASE...
...DON'T LET HIM SEE ME LIKE THIS! PLEASE!
LET HIM THINK I'M DEAD! YOU PROMISED!
CALL TERMINATED
IT'S NOT TRUE. IT'S NOT TRUE!
EVEN IF IT'S TRUE, IT'S NOT TRUE. EVEN IF IT'S TRUE, IT'S NOT TRUE.
EVEN IF IT'S TRUE--
TO BE CONTINUED.

DC
ALL IN
FROM ACCLAIMED HORROR WRITER
JUDE ELLISON S. DOYLE
AND RISING-STAR ARTIST FRAN GALÁN
Clayface:
CELEBRITY DIRT
AHEAD OF DC STUDIOS'
CLAYFACE
FILM, HIS COMEBACK
BEGINS HERE.
6-ISSUE
MINISERIES
JULY
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DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON ALL IN

THE DEADMAN

CONVERSATION WITH W. MAXWELL PRINCE AND MARTÍN MORAZZO

In *The Deadman*, writer W. Maxwell Prince and artist Martín Morazzo usher DC's spectral hero into a haunting new era—one where Boston Brand becomes the Custodian of All Souls and is, begrudgingly, tasked with navigating a purgatorial world of the living and the dead. Reuniting the acclaimed creative team behind *Ice Cream Man*, the six-issue limited series promises an emotional, visually stunning and surreal descent into the afterlife.

THE GHOST IN THE MIDDLE OF EVERYTHING

W. MAXWELL PRINCE: If you go back to his origin, Boston Brand isn't necessarily a bad man. He's just a man who's a little rough around the edges, somebody who'll do the right thing on a Sunday and the wrong thing on a Monday. He considered himself a lowlife forever, but he wasn't a bad guy. He was just troubled.

So in our story, he's not simply a ghost trying to find his own killer anymore. He's been anointed by Rama Kushna as the Custodian of All Souls, the spiritual janitor. He's been given a higher purpose instead of just floating around as this guy who can't talk to anybody but can jump into someone's skin long enough to pass along information.

We created a world where there are other ghosts too because, to him, Earth is purgatory. To us, it's the world. To him, it's the place he's trapped. He can't transition into an afterlife. He's dead, but still here, existing and nonexistent at the same time. That was really the big draw for us: using him as a lens to explore why somebody might be stuck in purgatory. Is it because he contains both those sides within himself? The good and the bad?

BUILDING A SPIRITUAL WORLD

MARTÍN MORAZZO: I had a lot of references going into this. I've always been very interested in Hinduism, and I've had the opportunity to travel through temples and experience some of that imagery firsthand. I've always found the aesthetics of the gods, the architecture, and the spiritual iconography incredibly beautiful. So getting to play with those ideas in a book with Will, especially in this fusion alongside our colorist, Chris O'Halloran, has been an incredible experience for me.

A CREATIVE PARTNERSHIP YEARS IN THE MAKING

PRINCE: Martín's going to roll his eyes at this because I've used this joke so many times, but we've worked together for so long now that whenever I imagine scenes in my head, they're drawn by Martín. I call it "Morazzo Vision."

Any comic book world I'm trying to create, I automatically see through his hand, whether or not he's assigned to the project, which he usually is anyway. There's just a shorthand between us now.

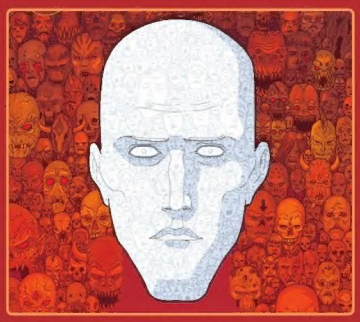
MORAZZO: We understand each other so well at this point that it's become very easy to work together over all these years.

PRINCE: And then there's colorist Chris O'Halloran, who shares that same vision too. Working with both of them has been the pleasure of a lifetime. When you're a kid dreaming about making comic books, you never imagine that someday your dreams are going to be drawn by someone else and then read by people all over the world.

A STORY ABOUT LIFE, DEATH, AND EVERYONE IN BETWEEN

PRINCE: I hope readers come away with a sense of excitement, but also a kind of pensiveness, a feeling of interrogation. Right now, I'm on this path of asking really fun questions, and I get to do it through the medium I love most, the medium I still go to the shop for every Wednesday.

Everybody reading this has their own life, their own job, their own highs and lows. Ultimately, this is a story about all of us. It's about how people navigate the world and whether we're allowed to think of ourselves through this overly simplistic binary of good or bad, because nobody is entirely either.



DON'T MISS
THE DEADMAN
ON SALE MONTHLY!

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